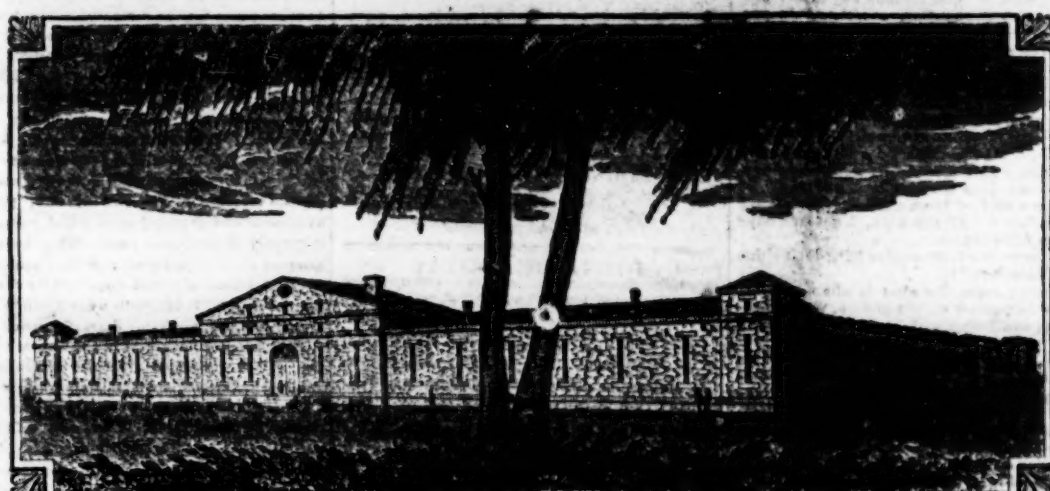


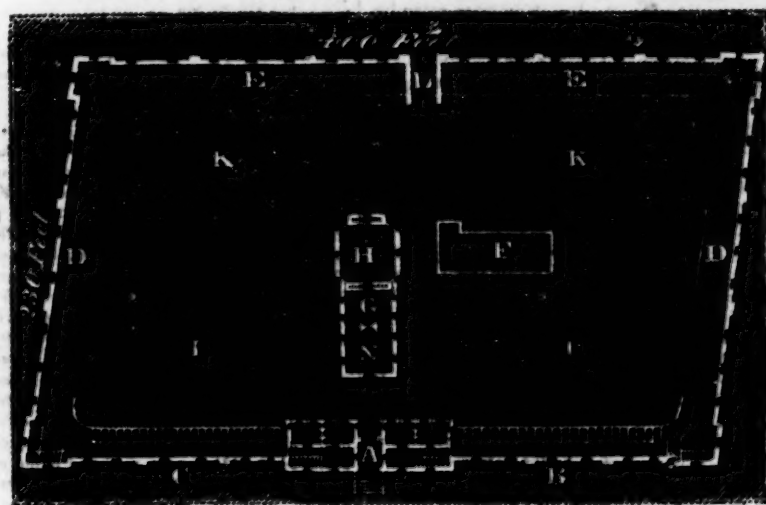
HARLEY ALEXANDER, PUBLISHER, N. 112 CHESNUT STREET, OPPOSITE TO THE POST-OFFICE.—TERMS \$6 PER ANNUM, PAYABLE HALF YEARLY IN ADVANCE.

**A CORRECT VIEW OF THE HOUSE OF REFUGE.**

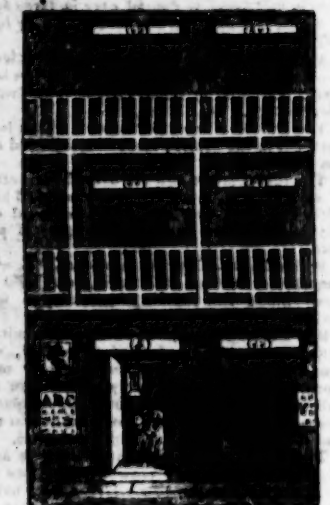
CORNER OF FRANCHES LANE AND THE WIMANDICON ROAD, PENN. TOWNSHIP, PHILADELPHIA COUNTY.



**GROUND PLAN.**



### SECTION OF THE DORMITORIES



## REFERENCES

- |  |  |  |
|--|--|--|
| A. Canteen Building, containing rooms for the accommodation of the Superintendent, Matron and Infirmary. | D. D. Location for additional Dormitories. | I. I. Grass Plot, etc.                                 |
| B. Dormitories for Boys.   | E. E. Work Shops.                          | K. K. Vegetable Garden.                                |
| C. Dormitories for Girls.  | F. School Room for Boys.                   | L. South Gate, over which will be a Hospital.          |
|  | G. Kitchen and Girls' Dining Room.         | M. SE. of inside view of a Section of the Dormitories. |
|  | H. Boys' Dining Room, with Chapel over it. | N. Girls' Sewing and School Room.                      |

A description of the course of employment for a single day, will serve to show the general habits and occupations of the place. The bell rings at a quarter before 8 o'clock in the morning.

The bell rings at a quarter before 6 o'clock in the morning. At 6 o'clock the dormitories are opened, and the boys, after washing and combing, assemble in the hall for morning worship, exercises, neat comings, and continue till 7 o'clock, when they breakfast. At half past 7 they go to work, and continue at their work until 12 o'clock. After finishing their dinner they hear a lesson or lecture on some useful, moral, or scientific subject. From one until five, when they go to supper, they are engaged at their respective employments. If the work be done allotted time—half an hour is allowed for recreation and play. School begins at half past 5, and they remain there until a quarter, after evening prayers, they retire to rest, and the dormitories are all safely locked. With some slight variations, the occupations of the females are conducted in a like manner.

## WHO CAN IT BE!

One evening last summer, as I sat at my window, which looks into the northern court of the University of Glasgow, I saw a man walking backwards and forwards, who excited my curiosity in an extraordinary degree. I know not why I became so interested in him, for his person and dress, though somewhat singular, were by no means so remarkable as to attract any very uncommon degree of notice. He was a short, thick figure, of middle size, with a broad forehead, rather three-cornered hat upon his head, and a long queue depending for some space down his back. The only thing further which it is necessary to detail, was his punch, which boasted of dimensions truly orthodox; and his nose red and lumpy, and spanned over by a pair of tortoise-shell spectacles, through which he looked with that pomposity of expression, which the civic dignitaries of all cities are apt

The evening was hot, and a glare of sickly light filled the atmosphere, which was close and oppressive. My window was in the shade, and I sat up for the purpose of attracting as much coolness as the air afforded. I had just finished half a bottle of Port, after dining heartily on oysters, devilled fowels, and macaroni. Altogether, I was languid, heavy, and disposed, if not absolutely to sleep, at least to doze. My whole frame was nervous; and the mind, sympathizing with the state of the organism, in a full and untrammelled manner, night-mare'd, and threw the chimæras of the imagination. Altogether, I believe, I would have slept, had not the man with the long tie and tortoise shell spectacles caught my observation.

tance, and so well satisfied with himself to increase his speed. No sooner did he move athwart the window, than the languid lids which were falling slowly over my visual orbs, were lifted up, and I turned them involuntarily upon him. "That," thought I, "is a man who would not quicken his hsten one jot to save the Colloz-

from destruction. Again did I look at him, and again did I behold the self-same consequential form treading the sunny side of the court.—He carried a stick in his right hand. It was not for any ordinary purpose that he carried it for it was a rough orange stick, with a brazen clasp at the end, and a silver embossed silver cap at its upper. Neither was it to sustain him in his perambulations, for his lower limbs were brawny, and athletic, and made to scorn such assistances. The use of that stick must be—to support his dignity. Had it been a crabstick, a hazel sapling, a supple-jack, or anything else, it would have been equally conspicuous, but it was none of these. It was an orange stick, shod with brass and capped with silver; and as he walked along he struck its point upon the earth with a firmness which made the echo to resound through the court.—“It must be to support his dignity be it so,” said I to myself; but one of those great men would wear such a baton, or walk with it so pompously.”

Having made these reflections, I closed my eyes and tried to fall into a slumber, but I could not. I heard the slow solemn pace of the stranger, and I liked him. I heard him walk, and I heard him crackle shoes, and I heard him make was accompanied with a response from his stick, as it struck the flag-stones with its brazen tip.

tenity. Up went my eyelids, and turning to the sunny side, there I beheld him walking backwards and forwards as at first.

I looked at him for some time, for I was interested in the man. His face, it was impossible to analyse its expression. It was plump and rosy. "He must," thought I, "be a good liver. He has a healthy, hearty, and capable countenance, and is not to be obtained for nothing. No, he understands living well; he has read Apicius in the original, and is no doubt familiar with Meg Dods and Kitchener. Perhaps he is Kitchener himself. Unfortunately for this hit I recollected that he was a married man, and I was disappointed. At any rate he must be a *bon vivant*, and has, peradventure, dined on oysters, devilled fowls, and macaroni, like myself. Who knows but he may be Doctor Redgill, spoken of in 'Marriage,' or the Nabob Touchwood, fresh from St. Petersburg, who is at present in the city. My eyes grew tired, but I could perceive no alteration in his movements or appearance. The same step—the same pompous air—the same knocking on the earth with his baton—there was not an atom of difference. "Verily, that man's dignity is great," I thought once more, and, as I uttered the words, uttered a long yawn, and fell into a slumber.

A slumber: it was but the shadow of one—the collection of a dream. I was neither asleep nor awake; for though my eyes were sealed in oblivion, my ears were not—and I heard, as in the depths of nightmare, the distant and confused noise of the street, beyond the Colloredo gates—the voices of fishwomen—the ticking of my own time-piece, and the sound of my own breath. All these things I heard; but they were as nothing to the tread in the court—to the creaking shoes and brazen shack of the stranger—There was something about this man which scared slumber away, and I was obliged to open my eyes, which were once more fixed upon him.

I could not understand it. There was apparently nothing remarkable about the man. He was clothed in black, it is true, and had a three-cornered hat, a long *queue* and tortoise-shell spectacles. Well, and what then are not many men clothed in black, and do not some wear three-cornered hats, long *queues* and tortoise-shell spectacles? I tried to extricate myself from this dilemma, I called the orange stick to my assistance, and endeavoured to extract from it something sufficiently marvellous to account for my curiosity—then the pungent gas of its burner—then his croaking noises, and finally his black, three-cornered hat, long *queue* and tortoise-shell spectacles. But I could not see anything odd in any of them. What then was there about the man, to attract my notice so irresistibly? Apparently there was nothing, and yet there must be something—for it was clear

that my nose had been incessantly attracted.

Altogether I was perplexed. My corporeal senses were in a state of great disarray, and to each other, the former inspiring me to sleep, the latter striving to keep me awake. I felt a weight fall upon my spirit. I was hot, thirsty, and comfortable, and, with the tendency to fall into slumber, and the effort not to do so, I remembered the sea between two bundles of hay, and remembered like Mahomet's coffin poised by the influence of cooling breezes, that the atmosphere was becoming insupportable. Not a breath of wind filled the court; every thing was stagnant; and a drowsiness fell upon the face of nature, like that rendered immortal by Thomson, in his *Castle of Indolence*.

Dod I say that every thing was stagnant? If I said so, I erred. There was one object that ~~was~~ defence to this universal languor; and that was the man with the tortoise shell spectacles and long queue. Wonderful man! while all nature was sinking into *ennui*, he continued his work for half an hour; the time pieces was opposite me, and I knew it to a minute. What could be the meaning of this? there was something unfathomable about him; his name was Mystery, and the longer I looked at him the more mysterious he became. He was not a man. Never were fancy and reason so preposterously opposed. The latter told me there was nothing about the man particularly worthy of observation; the former hinted that he was clothed with wisdom and a garment, and that he must be a saint.

"Who can be?" This was the first problem which it was imperative to solve. I had already found out that he could not be Kitchener, seeing that this worthy gastronomer was dead. I had also found out that he could not be a review, but, without knowing any thing of the persons of these gentlemen, I arrived somehow at the conclusion, that it could not be any of them. He must be a contributor to Blackwood, and certainly a celebrated one. Perhaps he is a contributor to Punch, or to the Illustrated London News, or to the Spectator, or to the Standard, or to the Times; or to Timothy Tickler—but he is not tall enough. He cannot be Hogg, no—nor O'Donerty—that is evident, nor can he be Delta—for he, I am told, is a tall young man, with light hair. He is perhaps Ebony himself; yes, he is. I am very sorry that I cannot be sure of this, either, for Ebony neither wears a three cornered hat nor has a long queue.

In this manner did I cogitate, while the important subject of my meditations walked opposite, apparently unconscious of my presence.—I was, as love to repeat, "an air of wisdom,"—but it was not clear to me whether a man of importance, or, what is the same thing, that he thought himself one. Nor did this look of profound dignity seem to diminish as I gazed upon him. On the contrary its influence increased. Every minute the person rose in my estimation, until I began to believe that he must be one of the great men of the age.

Nor was my admiration confined to his person alone; there was something interesting in his very habilitations. "That three cornered hat," I thought, "is such as Raymond Lully, or Erasmus must have worn. There is something antique in its cut, and it could only fit the scoundrel who had been at the battle of Agincourt." The picture could have made it; and I verily believe that had it been at this moment in the market, I would have given as much for it as for the wishing-cap of Fortunatus. My cogitations de-

[illegible]

fraction of his species, as tailors from time immemorial have been said to be. What a want of imagination is involved within this comparison! Elijah's mantle must have been somewhat like that.— Were it mine, I would not exchange it for the Pontifical robes, nor for the purple of Caesar himself. Lastly, his nother garments, comprising in their colossal volume so glorious a redundancy of thigh. Heavens, such a pair of unmentionables! Were they mine, I would cause them to be hanged down as an heir-loom to my family, even till the latest generations. Brethren, mine, the word conveyed me to ponder and meditate, till I was bold to lay down mine own, and a most assured— not unheeded—

Never was so interested in any being; but human interest will flag at times, and the mind must now and then give way to the dictates of the body. In the midst of my meditations a renewed languor came over me, my eyes closed, my head sunk down, and faintness came over me. Sleepy or not-at-temper, my hands fell powerlessly into my lap, and I lay back in the chair, with my mouth half open, and my whole spirit absorbed in one mysterious perplexity. I know not whether it could be called sleep; if it was, never did slumber come down upon the soul in such a quiet, quiet, and full manner. I had a distinct consciousness of what was going on, and yet I could not move nor take any part in it. I felt the glow of the evening sun as it warmed my frame with its sultry breath. I heard my clock ticking, and the noise of flies buzzing and fluttering around me; and now and then fell those scintillating, annoying pertinacity upon my nose and forehead.

But a ruck to such sounds as these of burning ties and time-pieces. There was one sound, not perhaps more loud than these, which yet drowned them in the magnificence of its moral outburst, and in its effect upon the mind. I stood up to treat the matter with the long gong of bells and tinkling metal appliances. He was working at work, pacing the court with slow and solemn dignity. I knew it, though I saw him not. I knew it, though well nigh asleep; for I heard the crash—crash—crash—of his measured step, and the low monotonous tick—tick—tick of the brass-shod boots, responding to the music of his feet. I was not alone, however, for I had a vacancy for fifteen minutes, and was aroused from it by my clock striking the hour of 7. During my half slumber, I was in a state of fascination, from which I found it impossible to liberate myself. I was in a trance; an arcubus hung equally upon my body and spirit; and the sounding of the second hour seemed as the voice of a good angel, commanding the spell by which I was fettered to desert.

I awoke, closed my eyes, yawned, stretched myself, and looked out. The man was still there. Zounds, I never doubted it! Who but himself could produce the tread I have been describing? Whose stick but his could beat the ground with such a regularity? Who but he could have been still there! By accurate computation, he had walked forty-five, ay fifty minutes. He had gone all this time in the sun too; on the sunny side of the court, he I remembered, when the thermometer stood at eighty. I furiously wondered who he was, and what he wanted. Judging from his gait, he was surely a great man; and it was only rational to suppose he had come on some great occasion. He must be one of the commissioners," I thought. I was right. He was one of the commissioners of the Scottish Universities, and in dilemma here upon his commission. Which of them can it be! Let me think. The Earl of Aberdeen is one, and so is the Earl of Lauderdale, but it is neither of them. Lord Melville is another, as likewise is Lord Grey. I began to grow impatient. The noblemen were all of the commissioners whose names I recollected, and unluckily I knew them all by sight. Had there been any one of them with whose appearance I was unacquainted, I should have fixed upon the stranger as him. Beyond doubt I was right. I was right. The sundry learned men from Germany were shortly expected at our Colleges; among others, Gal and Spurzheim, and the celebrated Doctor Daximus Dunderhead, of whom honorable mention I should have made. I grew impatient. For Gal, the man was too young; he was neither too short nor too young; he was neither old enough nor short enough, although in other respects he closely resembled that eminent professor. At last the idea struck me that he must be the doctor who, the colonel, or professor Leslie, when the pigtail decaying, had that three-cornered hat demonstrated how much I was mistaken. That eternal *queste* was the stumbling block to all my surmise. I knew nobody that wore a *queste* but the Duke of Hamilton. He wore his high top for one moment he mistaken for the Duke—nor the man for his Grace.

The more I reflected on this subject the greater my perplexity became. I had still a strong inclination to sleep, but I combated it for the sake of unravelling the secret. Meanwhile the stranger continued his pace. He went like a forerunner in a gale, his course was backwards and forwards, he was in a continual hurry, and in this walk did he abate one jot of his dignity. He still preserved the same posture, consequential step which at first attracted my notice; carrying his head as high as ever, looking as proudly through his spectacles, and placing his baton with unimpaired firmness upon the earth.

At length I perceived a mystery about the man which I could have given the half of what I was worth to be acquainted with.

I have spoken of his person, of his dress, and of his gait, and have descended upon them with sufficient copiousness; but there were some other things which there was no raising the wick of. He had already stated the point that he was a *bon vivant*; his amplitude of paunch and clear complexion were self-evident and required no doubt. "He is probably," I thought, "fond of roasted beef not overdone, and of *kef caes*, cooked à l'Anglaise." That he likes a draught of London porter after dinner is, I should think, likely; that he likes wine is certain, spirits I do not know. He is a *bon vivant*, and he is a *bon vin*; who does he prefer, Claret, Malaga, or Port? Neither. Times are too watery and Franchised for the cure current of his blood. Old Port and Madeira is his favourite; take my word for it. Talking of politics the man is a Tory. He is as too largely and aristocratic for Whiggery, and too much of a party man to part with the breath of his nostrils."

While reflecting in this manner, I got into better humor with myself. I had made some hits which pleased me, and I thought that the mystery would straightway dissolve like snow before the fire of my ingenuity. But, after all, they were only hits, mere guesses. They might all be wrong; instead of being a great man, he might be a very little man; instead of being a Tory, he might be a most egregious Whig. The only thing certain was, that I had loved good things—This was no denying, as his corporation was a living witness to the fact.

the circumstance of his being a Jew violent that I must repeat it, in reality the only fact I had discovered about him. The other surmises might be right, or they might be wrong. He might be Touchwood, or Madgill, or one of the Unmerciful commissioners, for any thing I knew to the contrary. I was going to repeat that he might be Doctor Scott, but no, his pigtail cut that

Could he be a Baillie! It was possible, for he possessed much of the aviril dignity which characterizes these functionaries! His speech, his gesture, the air with which he looked through the glass of his spectacles, all were suggestive of a Baillie. A Baillie, however, he was not. If he were a preacher at all, he must be a bishop or a cardinal. That important look, that air of command, that atmosphere of good living which suffused around him, cannot savour of the mere local, the provincial, the Baillie of a town.

A lawyer! A moment's thought convinced me that I was again at fault. What lawyer ever possessed such a loudly bearing, such a consciousness of superiority, and such freedom from mere local and provincial as reproach in the suppression of what fate.

A physician? The very idea savoured of absurdity. The time-serving smile, the insinuating address of the practitioners of physic were wanting in his bold pompous front. The man was too full of his own importance to undertake the task of wedging himself into the grace of the sick.

A quaker? Fudge!

What then, in the name of miracle, was he? It was impossible to tell, and I tortured my brain for no purpose, in the vain endeavor to solve the difficulty. All I could ascertain to my own satisfaction was the profession to which he actually did—not belong; and that he neither pertained to the tribe of lawyers, doctors, quakers, nor methodists, was as clear as mathematical demonstration could make it.

"I want to cover him. There is something about the man, which cannot be allowed to remain in obscurity; and if I die the moment after I shall have the secret out of him." Such were my determinations, and I resolved to hit upon some plan to effect the purpose. But what plan? I was not a student, and I was not a business! It was impossible to take such liberty with so awe-inspiring a personage. Who knew but he might read me a lecture from the *Philippics* of Demosthenes, and send me quailing back beneath the lightning of his eloquence! I could not doubt that he was a great orator. Notwithstanding the voracious display of his teeth, it was possible he might be willing to converse with me, and reveal to me some of his intricacies. When

These reflections held their due weight in deterring me from so hazardous an experiment; but while they deterred me, they also excited my curiosity to the highest pitch. The desire for information augmented with the difficulty of procuring it. I no longer sat like a statue at the window; my agitation was too great for sedentary repose. I rose, I walked, I paced, I was of intense anxiety, and walked about the room, rummaging every nook of my brain to find some way of coming at the object in view. "I was literally haunted," I could not deny this strange man from my head. If I looked out, I saw him walking with my bodily eyes; if I turned away, I beheld him equally well with the eye of the mind. Nor did the sound of his footsteps for a moment escape me. I heard the creaking upon the stairs, the accompaniment of the walking, and the staccato response of the overlying stair and stair-tick.

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tamper with the agonies of a fellow being. Notwithstanding his dignity, he is neither more so, less than—a villain." "Would it be believed that in so short a time I throw away all my late feelings of respect and admiration for him? But the heart is a strange piece of mechanism, which constantly getting into disorder, and turning disloyally upon itself. From the bottom of my spirit, I thought him a villain, whom I had just wondered at, and revered, and admired.—Yes, he had more nobility, more love. His has been all my life my ideal of a man. But I shall account for himself; by heaven, he shall tell me who he is." My mind was wrought to a pitch of frenzied excitement—anger lost me courage—instantly curiosity led me on; and I determined itself to make him open his oracular lips, and reveal himself, or to join with him in the noblest of deaths. I was not a man of noble resolutions. I put on my hat, buttoned my coat, set my teeth, and descended the stairs with portentous speed. On reaching the front door I paused a few seconds before opening it, to rally my ideas and collect my energies into one point of view. I stepped into the hall, opened the door, stepped into the court, and looked at the man. Horrible to relate—the man was gone, and I never saw him more!

## A MODERN PITCH

PARIS CHIT-CHAT.

Police agents are actively employed in searching for, and seizing wherever they can find them, all objects in bronze, marble, &c. which bear portraits of "Le Roi de l'homme," Casimir Delavigne's "Marino Faliero" (the Italian warlike success in the provinces) which has just been produced at the great Theatre of Lyons with a *succes de fureur*.

Rossini, on his way to Bologna, stayed a few days at Milan, and was present at a representation of the "Pirate," a new opera by a new composer, named *Chini*. A great crowd was attracted to see a *grand maestro* who placed him to keep at the back of his box during the whole of the performance, and only a few friends were admitted to a sight of him. The author of the opera was among the number, but he paid no more high compliments. He also said that he would not have been able to place a female singer, whom he had not heard till the











